

You've got no future, Corny Collins

by i am pie

Category: Hairspray

Genre: Family

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-09-03 19:06:31

Updated: 2007-09-14 01:18:23

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:04:58

Rating: K

Chapters: 3

Words: 3,068

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hairspray 2007. Just a little look into how Corny Collins and some of the others became who they were. Standard disclaimers apply

1. Corny Collins

`_**Who needs to read and write when you can dance and sing? Forget about your algebra and calculus, you can always do your homework on the morning bus, can't tell a verb from a noun, they're The Nicest Kids in Town**_`

`_**...Who cares about sleep when you can snooze in school, they'll never get to college but they'll sure look cool, don't need a cap and a gown when you're The Nicest Kids in Town.**_`

Cornealius Adam Collins was the oldest of twelve children. He knew how to change, feed, and put a baby to bed before he knew basic addition.

Not that that was saying much. Math was not exactly his best subject (the understatement of the century), but then again, neither was anything else. Cornealius Adam Collins liked to read, but it took him a month to finish a basic chapter book. He didn't mind science, but all the big words confused him, and his hand was the first in the air with questions. Math was ok, but those equations were so complex, he was always having the teacher walk him through it. History wasn't horrible, but he sometimes got all those dates mixed up.

Cornealius Adam Collins couldn't do band because he couldn't remember the fingerings to the notes. He liked singing fine, he always sang his little brothers and sisters to sleep, but his special education class was during choir. He didn't have the time for sports by the time he was old enough to play them.

By the second day of his being alive, his mother had shortened his name to Corny. He didn't mind as he got older, but if you asked him

his name, he'd proudly tell you it. Cornealius Adam Collins wasn't the sort of name you took lightly. It was one you wore proudly or not at all. That was how Corny looked at everything. He wore his stupidity proudly, as opposed to not at all.

He was proud of the C's he worked for. Because of it, high school came rather easily to Corny. Everybody knew he worked a little harder for his grades, but since everybody knew it, nobody minded.

Corny Collins was mild mannered boy who could always offer an attractive smile. He was, as his mother put it, easy on the eyes. All the girls like Corny Collins. He had, as his father put it, a way with words that was smooth as butter. All the boys liked Corny Collins.

His parents loved all their children, but were especially fond of Corny. Since he became an older brother at the age of two, he always was willing to help. Never a complaint because his little sisters wanted his teddy bear. He handed it over. Not a peep when he had to share his room with his little brothers. He told them it was just like camp when they complained. Corny loved his little siblings, and would have done anything for them, really.

Because of his easy demeanor, his parents liked to award him. Anytime his school hosted a dance, they let him go instead of staying home to help with the kids.

Corny looked forward to these school dances more than anything. Dancing was something he could do. It didn't take a whole lot of time to learn, and you didn't have to be smart to enjoy it. Corny Collins was an exceptionally good dancer. He always arrived alone, but rarely stood on the sidelines drinking punch. Girls would approach him, asking him to dance. Corny said yes every time. He was just that kind of guy.

Corny never had a date. There was only one girl he would want to take, but she was taken. Susanna Gribbs had long, brown hair, and those deer-caught-in-headlights eyes. She was gentle, kind, beautiful, and a goddess to Corny Collins. All the girls envied Susanna Gribbs, because she was the girl Corny Collins wanted.

She was also the girl David Drumms wanted. And David Drumms was bigger and faster than Corny Collins. He had asked her out first, and she had said yes. That was the kind of girl she was. David Drumms was flashy, overprotective, and very, very jealous. If a boy was involuntarily paired with Susanna for a project, he was given a beating as a warning to keep his hands off.

Corny always smiled at Susanna. He got her flowers when she had landed the lead in the play. When David was off with his friends showing off, Corny helped Susanna carry her things to her class. He very publically was fond of her, but, being a perfect gentleman, never made an advance. She was, after all, off limits.

Corny Collins was great with kids. Every morning, he walked his siblings to their classes, and all the kids would gather around him. He would do a magic trick, maybe show the older ones a dance move, then move on so that he could drop the rest of his siblings off and make it to class on time.

Once, his sister's third grade teacher pulled him aside before he left. "You know, Corny, the children adore you. Have you ever considered teaching as a profession?"

Corny had laughed. "Gee, thanks, Mrs. Hotch. But I can't teach. I barely get the grades I do. How would I teach kids if I can't understand what I'm teaching them? Besides, college is pricy. I'll hold off, so one of my smarter siblings can go." Then, with his regular dazzling smile, he said goodbye to all the kids and and left.

Everything came full circle for Corny Collins his senior year of high school. He got an after school job at a diner. His grades were steady. His mother had entered menopause, and, as bad as it sounded, every one was relieved that this baby was the last that would cry herself to sleep every night.

The only downer was that this was the year everyone expected David Drumms to give his pin to Susanna Gribbs. It didn't phase Corny a bit. Until it happened, he was going to continue to help her carry her things to class and smile at her in the hallway.

Everyone was expecting Susanna to show up to the homecoming dance wearing his pin. She didn't show up at all. David did, but offered no explanation for her absence. Corny danced with all the girls, chatted with the boys, and managed a drink of punch inbetween songs, but did it all while looking for Susanna.

That Monday at school, the rumuor spred like wildfire. David had broke it off with Susanna. They were over. Corny treated her just the same, never making an advance, just offering a "Good morning, Susanna," and a helping hand. He knew, she had just broken up with her boyfriend, she didn't want to be asked out.

After a month, Corny worked up the nerve. Susanna was smiling and laughing again. He passed her in the hall and stopped to talk. He nervously asked her to dinner, and she, looking suprised, accepted. By the end of the day, David Drumms was shooting Corny the evil eye.

That night, Corny put on his nicest shirt and pants. He picked her up. They ate dinner, talked, smiled, and laughed. He took her home. It was marvelous.

The next day at school, everyone knew that Corny Collins and Susanna Gribbs were seeing each other. This continued throughout the rest of the year. They went to the senior prom together. They danced together. Corny was the happiest he'd ever been.

Graduation came, and Susanna prepared to go off to a girls college. Corny was going to stay behind in Balitimore and work. He decided to giver her his pin. Dressed as nice as he could manage, in his father's car, he lay his life at Susanna's feet. She was everything to him.

When he offered his pin, Susanna's face wrinkled into mild distaste. "Oh, Corny, I was going to talk to you about that tonight. I've got lots of potential, everyone says so. And, well, it's been fun, all this year, but... I could never stay with someone like you, Corny. You're nice, but... well, you haven't got much of a future. You'll

probably work in that diner forever."

That night, at the tender age of nineteen, Cornealius Adam Collins had his heart ripped apart and his world shattered. Susanna asked to be taken home, and Corny drove her there, numb. She kissed him on the cheek and crawled out. Corny knew, from that moment on, he'd probably be a bachelor forever.

In '61, when one of his former classmates who knew he could dance asked him to host a variety show his TV station was starting, Corny said yes. He practiced the dance moves, learned the song, met the kids who would dance with him. The show's airing date came, and, after fixing his cuff links and looking into the camera with a smile during the first song, he thought only thing.

Not quite the diner, is it, Susanna?

Cornealius Adam Collins was officially doing something with his life. He may not be smart, grammar may not come easy, college may not have been an option, but here he was. On TV. With a show all his own. Dancing with kids who were alot like him. Ok, Corny Collins may not even own a TV yet, but with his next paycheck, he was surely getting one.

And probably one for his siblings back at home, too. They deserved one.

2. Amber Von Tussle

Amber Lynette Von Tussle entered her first beauty contest when she was a meager five months old. She won Baltimore's Most Beautiful Baby, and, without knowing it, set herself up to fail for the rest of her life. Nothing would be as good as Baltimore's Most Beautiful Baby except for first place. From then on, she had to be amazing.

Amber Lynette Von Tussle had to be beautiful all the time. She had to come out of bed after getting the chicken pox and the flu at the same time and win the 4-6 division of Little Miss Baltimore.

Unfortunately, she took runner-up. Her mother was not happy. She remembered sitting in the back seat of her mother's Cadillac, legs crossed and head hanging down. "Not even fourth. Fourth! Couldn't even do that! I'm telling you, Amber, you have nothing if you don't win these things. Do you hear me? All you have are your looks. You're worth you appearance, that's it. You need to step it up."

Little five-year-old Amber nodded glumly and scratched a scar on her knee. She still itched, but if her mother saw her scratch, she smacked her hand. Her mother hit hard.

Her father liked her just fine, but he and her mother didn't get along. They argued over Amber's beauty contests. He didn't think they should put her in them. But her mother always yelled that beauty contests gave her what she had, and Amber wouldn't be anything without them.

Amber liked the contests, actually. All the girls were nice, and she liked making friends. What she didn't like was the mothers there.

They all yelled, all the time, and if they thought you were prettier or better than their daughter, they treated you like garbage.

As Amber got older, she realized that even though they were vicious, the mothers were consistant. The girls, however, smiled at her a little less every time they saw each other. Amber could sort of understand. Being around the mothers could twist one's personality that direction.

After all, the young girls soon realized that when they won, they didn't have to go home to all the yelling. And to win, you had to beat out all those girls you were making friends with. Soon the backstabbing began. The 7-8 circuit started to get fierce. The 9-12 was hard to be in, because the girls would bump into you on purpose, and they hid your stuff when you weren't around.

Amber missed her friends at first, but quickly realized it was a dog-eat-dog world. There was no advantage in being the only nice girl amoung a room full of vindictive cats. She was a quick learner. Before long, she knew the game better than any of those brats.

For some reason, this made her mother more proud than anything. Amber found herself a little closer to her mother, who would tell her stories of her days in the beauty contests. She always spoke of the now-expired pagent, Miss Baltimore Crabs.

Amber found herself taking notes from her mother. She didn't realize until it was too late how burnt out her mother was, how she clung to being young, and how unappealing it was. By then she was sucked in, it was too late to change.

Amber Lynette Von Tussle was a born performer. She played her part very well.

3. Edna Turnblad

****Ok, let me explain. These stories are not at all related, they don't connect. They are glimpses of the person before Hairspray, and why they act the way they did. Anywho, enjoy!****

Edna Jean Bordain was, by far, a worrywart. Her family was full of free spirits, still living in the buzz of the Roarin' Twenties. Edna Jean Bordain, on the other hand, had chewed her nails to the quick by the time she had started school.

Edna Jean Bordain was curvy. By no means was she a skinny girl, but she wasn't fat. By the time she was in third grade her mother had driven her through the part of town where the Pinky family's store, the Hefty Hiway, was. Her aunt shopped there. Edna's Aunt Belinda was like a soft balloon, and very pretty, but little Edna promised herself she would never shop there.

In high school, Edna met Wilbur. He was a free spirit, too, but Edna liked him. For a long time, she smiled pretty and dropped hints with him. He never responded to her, until senior prom. Edna felt beautiful in her dress, and had commented to Wilbur that there was good dancing music. He shrugged, and Edna retreated to the bathroom, tears streaming down her cheeks.

It was there she stayed until she overheard someone saying he was looking for her to ask her to dance. Quickly, she composed herself and re-entered the dance hall. Soon after, she lost ten pounds to squeeze into a size ten white tube and changed her name to Edna Jean Turnblad.

Her husband, Wilbur, had a dream. He loved to make people laugh, and wanted to make a career of it. A nearby grocery store hired him, and they set aside money every week so that he could start the store, eventually. To help keep up with bills, Edna did the neighbor's laundry.

One day, she woke up with lower back pain. Deciding to ignore it, she went about her business, finishing her elderly neighbor's laundry. Her back started to hurt terribly. She went to the restroom, and, to her dismay, she had stained her underwear. It wasn't her time of the month, she was fairly sure, but there was nothing she could do but change her underwear and treat the stains immediately so they didn't last.

It all happened at dinner. A sudden and striking pain filled her, and she kneeled over, clutching her sides. Wilbur panicked. After the pain did not cease, he walked her out to the car, supporting her. They reached the hospital in record time, where Edna was put in a room where another young woman slept deeply. Several tests occurred, and none too soon, the doctor returned.

Wilbur was holding Edna's hand when they found out she had been pregnant, but had just suffered an early-term miscarriage.

After that, it all changed. Before, when Wilbur had Friday or Saturday off, they would go out to eat, maybe dance. Edna just wanted to stay in now. She had a constant bad taste in her mouth, and took to carrying hard candies in her pockets, and leaving them laying around so she always had one.

Everything came together three months later. There was a small store for sale across town, and they had saved enough for a down payment. The only downside was that Edna's clothes were becoming tight. Much to her dismay, the Pinky's Hefty Hiway's clothes fit better.

One night, she sat down and counted her dates. Her heart filled with hope. After consulting a doctor, she could confirm it. She was pregnant. This was a temporary need for larger clothes.

A brief disappointment, because the money going towards Wilbur's shop now had to go to baby expenses. But nine months later, they were blessed with a baby girl. Tracy Edna Turnblad was a chubby and gay baby, one that brought Wilbur unending joy.

Edna's baby weight did not go away. Neither did the sadness. Even when, a year later, they moved into an apartment with a joint shop, both ailments lingered. She went out less and less, taking on more and more laundry jobs.

The second miscarriage was the worst. Edna knew she was pregnant, had even told Wilbur. It pulled her down, pulled her in. She stopped leaving the house. Tracy grew into a beautiful (yet large) girl, and Wilbur danced with her while Edna sat to the side, chewing on her stubby fingernails, eyebrows drawn.

Tracy was a free spirit, truely her father's daughter. She had huge dreams from a young age. Edna felt out of place in her own family. She spent the days alone, thinking, wondering, and pondering about everthing. Soon, the temporary on the side laundry job became full time because Wilbur's shop didn't have a smooth start

Edna Jean Turnblad tried not to think about it. But she couldn't help but worry about everything.

End
file.